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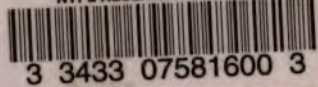
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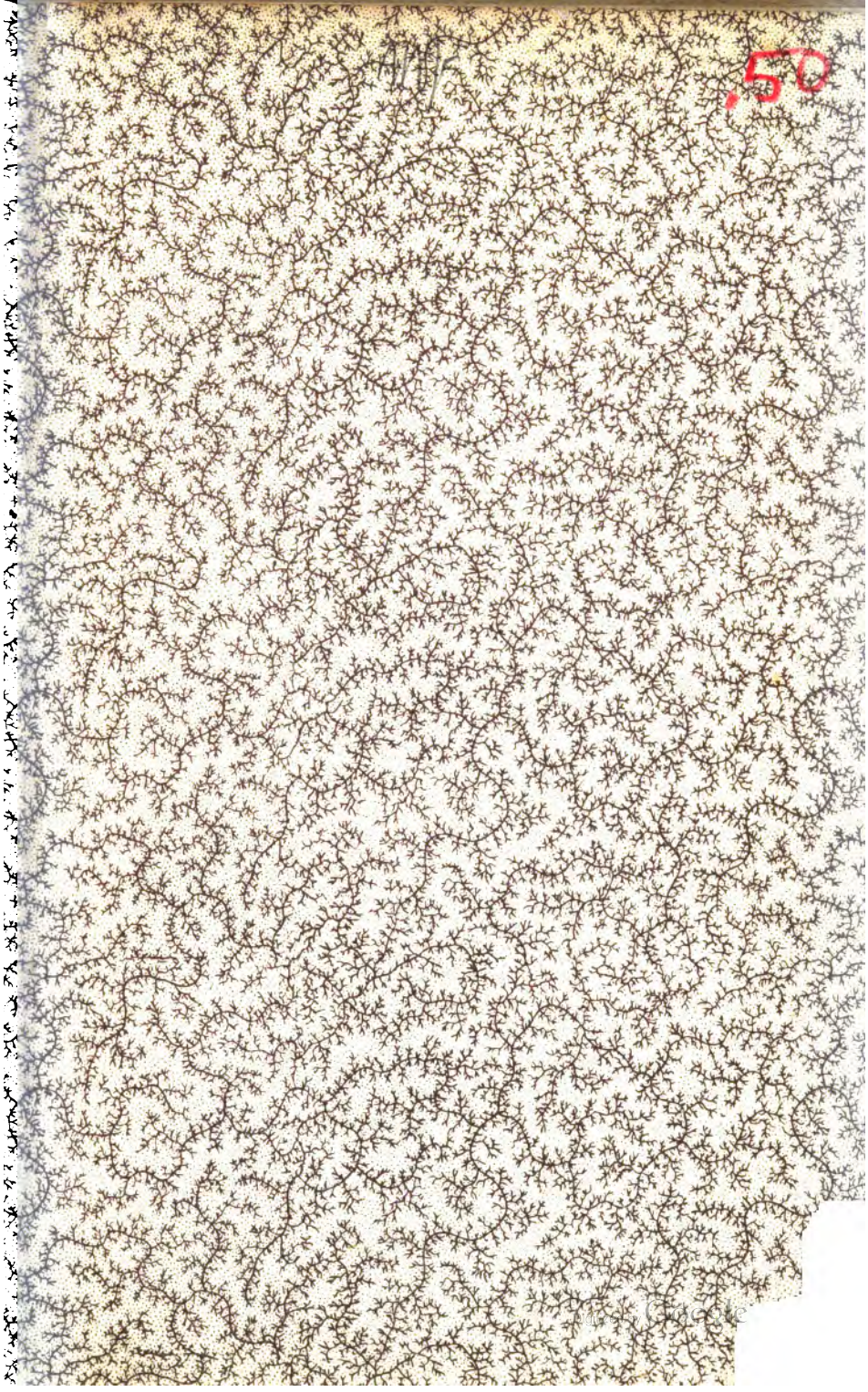
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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POEMS.

FIRST SERIES.

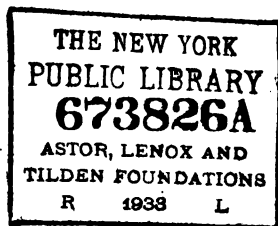
By ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

1

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Should the present volume command adequate attention, the author will proceed to publish the remainder of his works, including the two chief ones, viz: *Child-Love; a Fragment of Heart-History*, and *The Song of the Leaf*.

A. J. E.

W. H. C. H. C.

SEASIDE IDYLLS.

IDYLL THE FIRST.

What the Heart of the Man said to the Heart of the Child by the Summer Sea:
A Memory of South Shields Pier ; June 1st, 1884.

Lead me to the Land of Childhood,
Where the fairy morning breaks
O'er the blossoms of the wildwood,
Pictured on enchanted lakes ;
Where the sun is ever early,
And the springs are ever cold,
And the sea at noon is pearly,
And the sky at eve is gold.
There, beside pellucid water,
On the star-dust of the sand,
Let me clasp a little daughter
Of that child-created land.

Through the crystal carpet gazing,
Where the pebbles lie serene,
We will find a world amazing
In that fairyland of green,
Find a country unbeholden,
With a sky of azure glass,
Where the stars are fishes golden
In the purple ocean-grass;
Till, returned, O sun! to thy light,
We will drink each other's eyes,
Roaming through the Northern twilight,
Where the sunset never dies.

There in beauty I will clasp her,
Stroke the curtain of her locks,
Lead her o'er the shores of jasper,
Watch her feet on ruby rocks,—
Hear her say, in breath unbroken,
That she ne'er from me will part,
Ne'er deny the sweetest token
Of the childhood in her heart;
And the love that I will lisp her,
In the tongue of angel girls,
Will be purer than the whisper
Of the sea among the pearls.

IDYLL THE SECOND.

The Child's Auswer.

Ah, my brother, I can hear thee
When the sea is very still ;
I am but a child to cheer thee,
But my heart, I fancy, will :
Something like thy breath has fanned it,
It is talking in its beat ;
I can hardly understand it,
But I feel 'tis very sweet.
Bend thine ear a little nearer,
Lay thy head upon my breast . . .
There ! I hear it speaking clearer,
But thy verse will tell it best. . . .

"I am Joy, the heart of childhood,
Life of all as pure as she ;
I, the odour of the wildwood,
I, the purple of the sea.
Taste me in the crystal coolness
Which the child of beauty sips,
Drink me in diviner fulness
At the fountain of her lips,
Touch me in the tiny tingle
Of her tender little hand,
Till thou tread the pearly shingle
Of my shores in Morning Land.

"She shall frolic like a dancer
Only taught of angel girls,
And the music that will answer
To her footstep in the pearls ;
For the beach is ever ringing
With the harmonies of June,
And the very shells are singing
In a whisper to the tune :
Wisdom, in her choral glory,
From the silent hymn of sky
To the pebble's fairy story,
Sings in all that all is I.

“By the Master God-anointed
I was called the priceless gem ;
I had been the star that pointed
To His bed at Bethlehem ;
And in these, the radiant fingers
Of thy darling little maid,
Lo, there luminously lingers
All mine ancient power to aid.
God alone her sweetness knoweth :
He through her thy soul enticed ;
Peace eternal she bestoweth—
Peace, for thou hast found the Christ.”

IDYLL THE THIRD.

The Land of Childhood: A Memory of Whitley Sands;
June 29th, 1884.

Once again from narrow places,
Grave of Yorkshire! I am free,
Leaping to the large embraces
Of the summer and the sea;
Once again with friends I mingle
Where, beneath the azure arch,
Sweeps the curve of sand and shingle,
And the long white armies march.
Armies? Nay, processions bridal
Of the sunshine and the foam,
Whispering, to music tidal,
Tidings of a summer home.

Blue that home of sky behind them,
Blue their carpet-way to shore,
And, when air has re-enshrined them,
Blue their endless home before.
"Harmony!" confide the vapours;
"Harmony!" proclaim the cliffs;
"Harmony!" the starry tapers
Write in hidden hieroglyphs.
Waters seeming only fretful
Chant in surplices of fleece
Psalms of God, the All-forgetful,
Who remembers only peace.

I have found the Land of Childhood,
And the child who led me there
Seems a blossom of the wildwood,
Seems a whisper of the air—
Part of all the beauty round me,
Here reclining on the rock,
Where that inner psalm hath found me
Safe from parting's outer shock.
Bound away to play, my darling!
Absence is no more a grief;
Free be thou as gull or starling
'Mid the sea of wave or leaf.

Thus my heart is independent
While the eye of day is bright ;
Ah ! but, little eye transcendent !
What of e'en the summer night ?
What of yonder wintry city ?
There thy love is light to me ;
There, with hardly one to pity,
All the day I follow thee,—
Follow through the sunset portal,
In thy glances glorified,
Like the Florentine immortal
With the sainted maiden bride.

O'er the perfume of the spices
Blowing through the skies of old,
Where the palmy paradises
Plume the purple eve with gold,—
Far above the stormy pæans,
Which for higher bliss prepare,
Up we fly through empyræans,
Into seas of waveless air,
Unto hearts to mortal tuneless,
With no blast of rapture wild,
Resting in the sunless, moonless
Glory of the Maiden Child !

Leeds; Midsummer, 1884.

ENGLAND'S FOES.

On the occasion of the dynamite explosion at the Tower of London,
when young children were injured; January 24th, 1885.

God! behold the bleeding faces
Of the children of the free:
Let Thy lightning show the rebels
Who have struck at them and Thee!
Rebels fight with men and tyrants,
But a burning word shall tell
Who they are that fight with infants—
Sons of Herod and of Hell!

Sister island! we acquit thee
Of the crimsonest of crimes
That has ever stunk to heaven
In the tempest of the times;
And we ask, avenging angel!
That the curse of infant blood
Only blight the hearts of venom,
Only blast the brood of mud!

Sister island! we have wronged thee
In the ages that have been:
We have hanged thy men and women
For the wearing of the green;
But the wrath of our deserving
Is a thousandfold sufficed
By the fiends that fire in ambush
On the little ones of Christ!

O America! the sobbing
Of the wild Atlantic flood
Is entreating thee for children
Of thy mother in their blood,
Is demanding thee in thunder
To deliver to our hand
All the spawn of murder boasting
In the daylight of thy land.

Every star shall be the gleaming
Of a tooth that inly gnaws,
Earth shall hunt them with the terror
Of the midnight of her jaws;
And the gulf, in awful voices,
Like the crash of falling towers,
Say, "Depart from me, ye cursèd,
Into darkness that devours!"

Leeds; January 24th, 1885.

THE POETIC STATE.

Men and women, once a lifetime,
Find themselves in love, we know :
'Tis the glory of the poet
To be permanently so!

North Durham Coast; April, 1883.

THE DEAD MARCH

IN "SAUL."

Wail! wail for the dead, Love!

My soul, what means that sound, what means it?

Who, who, who knows,

Through throngs of souls around?

What means that sound? The children chatter on.

But yonder falls a blind. Deep strike the notes:

That window stares at me as if with eyes!

Now all around me is a whirling stream,

A torrent rush of souls, and earth itself

Goes crashing by, an avalanche to doom.

O earth! O souls! why dash ye on to death?

But, hark! the music thunders to the heart.

Worlds, worlds to the tomb, God!

These souls that chant their dirge, rejoicing,
Flow, flow, flow on,

Like bursting tears to Thee!

We cross the bridge; the river sweeps beneath
On to the deep, as we march on to it.
And now behold the graveyard and the sea—
The pale grey sea, that city of the dead,
With whose night-sounds the awful March keeps time.
O wailing trump! O solitary drum!
Ye call to us to leave the forms we love:
In grief's tremendous whirlwind they are dust,
Which blinded us until ye brought us calm.

The soul is like a girl who, glad and sad,
Folds up the gown that her dead mother made,
And dons her bridal robes. We love to part,
For memory is a temple, where our friends
Are Levites to the larger loveliness
Behind the veil. Oft do we feel the light
Absorbing all, and know that none but God
Was ever with us. Ay, and when we meet
Our friends in heavenly places,—clasp their hands,
Drink from their eyes our solitary prayers,—
When friendship, in a sea of blossom, rolls

Her tidal wave upon the shores of spring,
We oft shall turn to-skyward, and at times,
As if in some celestial polar night,
Shall still behold the drifting lights of love
In torn auroral fragments whirl away,
And leave us nothing but the stars and God!

Sunderland; April, 1883.

NATURE CROWNED.

Nature! by the sea I see thee
 Fling thy beauty-sheaves away,
All the wavy wealth of harvest
 Vanishing in sunny spray.
Nature ! Nature ! I behold thee
 With a wild profusion sweep
On from height to height above me,
 On beneath from deep to deep,
Everywhere alike redounding
 With the glory naught debars,
Breaking here in foam of waters,
 Breaking there in foam of stars !

Lead me, lead me to thy summit,
To the Father's holy goal,
Where His love fulfilled hath crowned thee
With the garland of the soul ;
Give me one to smile upon me
As I run the weary race,
Let me labour on reposing
In the Sabbath of her face !

* * * * *

Did I pray for love of woman ?—
I have found her as of yore,
In her white and early blossom,
At her bright and open door ;
Where, a child, she met me radiant,
Joining in the artless game,
And the soul of glee within her
Fanned her features into flame ;
While, as if the priest of Beauty,
I interpreted aright
All the deep and sacred meanings
In the hieroglyphs of light !

Ah ! I loved her every motion,
And, as hand in hand we tripped,
Seemed to see her airy footstep
In some wave of ether dipped—
Oh ! so luminously moving,
Gliding on from grace to grace,
Every bend a sweet obeisance
To the smile on Nature's face ;
Till she drowned my poet-praises
In the praises of her eyes,
When she turned and rained upon me
All the stars of inner skies !

* * * * *

She is gone ; but in my spirit
Roams among the yellow leas
Where the green of summer vistas
Meets the blue of summer seas.
Lovely as I last beheld her,
There she walks for evermore,
In the mystery illumined
Of the purple that she wore.

There, when evening's holy fingers
 Fall on me with light caress,
When the sunset airs of ocean
 Woo the soul to loneliness,—
When the crimson of the foxglove
 Out of heaven steals a flush,
While the cheek of many a maiden
 Joins the universal blush,—
When the silences of music
 Charm the stars to piny gaps,
There to watch the starry darlings
 Hiding in the daisy-laps ;—

When the companies of morning
 All are scattered; all are gone,
One there is to cling the closer,
 One to sweetly linger on ;
Answering the thought unuttered,
 Ah ! with fathomless replies
From the grey so deeply tender
 In the twilight of her eyes ;
Breathing all her soul's aroma
 Round me like a spicy sea,
Where I lose her aye to find her
 More and more a part of me.

North Durham Coast; May, 1883.

TO A BOY.

You have signed your indentures and taken your
bond

For the ports of this life and the Islands beyond :

I wonder what Indies your forehead will tan,

What tumult and tossing will make you a man !

Sunderland ; October, 1883.

A CHILD OF THE SEA.



Child of the ocean, to my heart I hold thee,
Feeling with thee upon a ship secure :
Arms of defence in every wave enfold thee,
Stars are around thee, for thy heart is pure !

Touch me and kindle when the sea is darkling,
Show me the lights of visionary isles :
Ay ! for thou canst, O heaven many-sparkling !
Mary, thou one of God's eternal smiles !
West Falmouth, Massachusetts ; August, 1887.

THE SPECTRE SHIP.

Ho ! what is the body ?—A ship, I declare,
On the ocean of sense, whether water or air.
Is it water around ?—Then the ribs are of foam,
Ever changing to mix with their changeable home,
And the masts are but columns of powdery spray
That shimmer and fade with the iris away ;
And the oft-shifted sails are the mists hanging free—
Little fluttering rags on the fringe of the sea ;
And the streamers that float o'er the vapoury shrouds
Are dissolving to blend with their kindred, the clouds.

Is the air or the ether the ocean 'tis in?—
Then the mystical ship is of substance akin.
From the gross to the fine, as the universe will,
'Twill eternally rise and be lovelier still ;
'Twill exchange ev'ry speck in which now it appears
With the earth and the stars and the heavenly spheres;
For through it the currents of Nature will flow,
Each particle wafting aloft or below.
Through infinity's mazes the live atoms dance,
In the ordered kaleidoscope eddy and glance—
The grosser to sink, and the finer to fly
From the caverns of earth to the ocean of sky !

But / am the soul of this fleeting abode,
Unchangeable aye on the changeable road ;
Yes, I am the captain, alone on the sea,
The king of the spectre-ship, mighty and free.
Tho' the ship be renewed as eternities roll,
Yet I, who am one with the Infinite Soul,
Am the same as was He when the æons began—
My body the spectre, my spirit the man !

Sunderland ; Christmas, 1882.

DOLDEN.

A rare old town, adown the bays
 Is Falmouth, in the dreamy days
 When August all her gold arrays,
 World-olden ;
 And here a beauteous boy I met,
 Who came to earth with memories yet
 Of suns that had not wholly set—
 So golden !

When he could hardly talk, he told
 Of what their eyes can ne'er behold
 Who know not of the Age of Gold
 In Dolden ;
 For such was his untutored name
 For some fair region whence he came
 And went, in visionary game :
 'Twas " Dolden."

He saw the morning's argent car,
He saw the virgin evening star,
And said that all was fairer far

In Dolden.

But Falmouth ! when he came to thee,
And saw the forest meet the sea,
He said, " This place on earth shall be
My Dolden."

I use, O child ! thy charmed eyes,
As here I watch the Dolphin rise
Amid the sea-enamoured skies

Of Dolden,

Where once the wave of Shakspeare's hand,
Above Miranda's yellow sand,
Brought Ariel from fairyland—

All Dolden !

Here Shelley heard the Skylark ope
The Sensitive Plant on cloudy slope,
And Browning kissed his Evelyn Hope

In Dolden ;

And Lowell wooed the Willow fair,
And Wordsworth saw the light that ne'er
On sea or land was anywhere

Save Dolden.

And here, O Lucy ! long ago,
The splendours of the heavenly bow
We stole, and brought to earth below
From Dolden,
Where first we saw the sea, and met,
And heard the white Diana set
Our life-long, love-long own duet
For Dolden ;

And heard, alas ! the music-bars
The angels hymned on sad guitars
To all thy world of weeping stars,
O Dolden !
When we, with many a laden soul,
Obeyed the earthward muster-roll,
And left the golden oriole
In Dolden.

But oft we glimpse a feather float,
And hear a stray eternal note,
On sunset-haunted shore remote,
Near Dolden ;
And then we feel that all is best,—
That out of earth we build a nest
Amid the starry palms of rest
In Dolden !

West Falmouth, Massachusetts ; August, 1887.

THE COAST AND THE SHORE.

The coast's a stony prison,
The shore is fair and free ;
The coast confronts the ocean,
The shore receives the sea.

By day the sailor curses
The coast as if the tomb ;
By night he dreams of kisses
On shores with homes a-bloom.

The coast is where the sea-bird
Is shrieking to the storm ;
The shore is where my brothers
Are round the ingle warm.

Upon the coast I wander
In solitude and care,
Afar to seaward gazing—
The shore is over there !

North Durham Coast ; April, 1883.

THE ORCHARD.

The orchard lies like a quiet chapel
In the minster shade of the woods hard by,
And the glory of many a golden apple
Hangs in a dream from a holy sky.

O golden goblets of honey yellow !
Ye store up the light of the summer gone,
Like full hearts laden with memories mellow
Of the dear dead days that are shining on.

West Falmouth, Massachusetts ; September 1st, 1887.

EASTER EVE.

Children ! did I doubt the golden
Age of faith would yet return ?
You renew the rapture olden,
Make my heart within me burn.

Knees that have not bowed to Baal,
Hands that forge no golden calf,
Lips that never spake betrayal,
Pray me temple wine to quaff.

Fingers, into faith to press me,
Force me every flag to strike,
While I piously confess me
Anything the pressers like !

April showers have died thereafter
 Into deeps of loving skies,
As the tears of childish laughter
 Into bluer skies of eyes.

With one lonely candle—Hesper's—
 And her rubric-page ablaze,
Eve performs her splendid vespers,
 Chants aglow her minster praise!

Press me ever, gentle pressers!
 Into Christ's eternal fold;
Be mine eventide confessors
 By yon altar's awful gold!

Hide your veiled vestal faces
 From the lips that lisp of sin,
Smile with all your saintly graces
 When I fight the fight to win;

Shake the glory of your tresses
 O'er the soul you heal and free,
And this heart of mine confesses
 Every dawn would Easter be.

North Shields; Easter, 1884.

AUTUMN IN THE SOUL.

My soul has climbed to an airy headland ;
Life's dear green vale she has left for aye,
In the sea of the sunset of autumn's red land,
Where earth is passing in flames away !

Philadelphia ; October 9th, 1886.

THE SEXTON'S PRAYER.

Your sexton, O church-going children !
Has a heart that is daring to beat,
To number the waves of the distance
That lead to your fairy retreat.

Ye hide in Society Islands,
All ringed with coral and pearl :
My heart aches on in the silence
For the smile of one meek little girl.

The straw of her hat, and the crimson
Fitting loose her untortured frame,
Are to me more sweet to sing hymns on
Than wheat when the poppies flame.

Her hand on the door of cedar,
And her foot on the floor of pine,
Turn each to a tree, and her whisper
Makes blood of the Eucharist wine.

If in heaven they name me as leader
Of the choir that I best prefer,
I shall pray to be still but a sexton,
To open the door to her.

O guards of the fair and the stainless !
Who the face of the Father behold,
I pant for the love that is painless,
For the soul that is young from of old.

We two saw time growing hoary,
When at home in eternities gone,
And again we shall meet in the glory,
With the old child-hearts loving on.

Syracuse, New York; April, 1886.

TO THE SEA ;

after two years' absence.

Thy heart, O sea ! is vast enough for mine,
 And thine alone ! King of my youth, I come
 Again to worship at thy feet, for thou
 The voice of God wast ever unto me—
 The tone of life eternal. Deep, deep, deep,
 I drown the petty nothings of the earth
 In thine abysses, mother of my soul !
 I love thee everlastingly ! My life,
 My death, my grave, my heaven itself be thou !

West Falmouth, Massachusetts ; June 16th, 1887.

THE HAUNTS OF A POET.

I range where'er the soul displays
Her awful scenery—
The thunderclouds of death, ablaze
With immortality ;

Where billows of oblivion boom
Against the coasts of ice,
And where the flowers of memory bloom
In sorrow's paradise ;—

Where'er our human dust endears
The melancholy sod ;
Where'er the spray of human tears
Goes flashing up to God !

Sunderland ; June 18th, 1883.

YOU WHO KNOW!

(*Voi che Sapete*, in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*.)

You who know aught of the glances of love,
Tell me by what law supernal, by what power they
woo and win;

You who have knelt as they shone from above,
Tell me why the steel of manhood drinks the maiden
lightning in!

You who know most of love's infinite balm,
Tell me of the sunlit smiling, tell me of the moonlit
tears;

You who have entered the mystery's calm,
Tell me what new skies of silence open o'er the depth
of years!

Though the espousals that colour the sod,
Though the stars that blushed at bridals when crea-
tion's morning shone,

Answer that love is the rapture of God,—
Grow diviner, O ye lovers! leave me still to marvel on!
Newcastle-on-Tyne; October, 1883.

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TO A CHILD OF THE SOUTH.

Child of the South Land ! why do I turn to thee ?
 Why doth the star-dust I once was of burn to thee ?
 'Tis that thou art what I *am* not, but yearn to be.
 Shine on o'er Ocean, O Moon inaccessible !

Dust that I now am of never can dwell in thee,
 Tenanted only by one inexpressible
 Soul of the fountains of silver that well in thee.

Child of the Yule-Tide ! when I am clarified,
 Worthy to walk in the white and the rarefied
 Light of thy being, ah ! then, when a child I am,—
 Cease to the sea a bewailing how wild I am,—
 I shall ascend to the throne and the garland
 Of stars that are thine as the Queen of the Star-
 Land.

Bind me, O Christ ! to the cross that shall wring from me
 Drops of the dross in me, tear out the sting from me.

I shall be thine, ~~THEE~~—child of the far land !

Atlantic City ; Christmas, 1887.

AUTUMN AND THE SEA.

I heard on a cliff, when the year was falling,
Fair Music come sailing from sea to my side ;
But her lips were chilled with an eerie calling
Of voices that wandered and vanished and cried.
The cliff seemed higher, and tall trees crowned it
With autumn fires of the Western main,
While, whirled in the wind of their burning around it,
The leaves all fell in a purple rain.

The first voice came with the trees' deep sighing,
And said, " I am drawing all glory in,
From the tiny tint of the insect flying
To the blush of the garden, the smile of the linn.
I will bury beauty in sea-deep chasms,
And men for her light may grope in the cold,
But only in fitfully mocking spasms
Will her face appear till the moons be told."

A voice from the sunset echoed fainter,
 " This livelong summer I tenderly smiled
On the image dear unto poet and painter—
 The sweet calm face of a maiden child ;
But now from the meadows I chase her, relentless,
 For the town to undo what freedom has done,
And the flowers I gave her will soon be scentless
 To the child aghast in the low, red sun."

Alas ! methought, in the yearly destruction,
 Naught but the grand, lone sea is the same :
Around the world, in an endless fluxion,
 For winter and summer he knows no name ;
And, oh ! on the march to the goal eternal,
 Mine heart will ne'er be at perfect peace :
I can only sigh till in seas supernal
 The sun is sunk and the seasons cease.
Tynemouth; Autumn, 1884.

WIDOWED.

We all are widowed : fates divide
The spirit from her social spheres ;
Through shattered worlds of love we glide,
With cosmic thunder in our ears !
Near *York ; May 17th, 1884.*

Addendum.

On page 16, after "Through throngs of souls around," read

"I join a sad procession through the streets."

NOTE.—The two stanzas in this poem are set to a part of the March.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POEMS.

SECOND SERIES.

BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

"I hold it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty. . . .
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion."

—*Campbell.*

"Chat on, sweet maid, and rescue from annoy
Hearts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled.
Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
The heart-love of a child!"

—*Lewis Carroll.*

"The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung."

—*Whittier.*

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PREFACE.

Under the necessity of limiting the matter published according to the subscriptions assured, the author is able to present to his friends a portion only of his poems. The selection, however, has been made from the best. The First Series is already circulating in America. It was tentative, and did not contain sufficient matter to meet the expectations of English subscribers. The author can now assure these, however, that in the two series they will find nearly all of his best and most laboured productions.

Some friends have complained of obscurity in the poem entitled *Dolden*. This poem is founded upon facts alluded to in the text. The son of a Boston lawyer, whom the author met in New England, began to talk, as soon as he could speak at all, of a visionary place which he called "Dolden." (The *o* is short.) His parents had never heard the name before, and merely spelled it as pronounced by him. The little fellow used to spend hours in paying imaginary visits

to "Dolden," and would also dress up to receive visitors from thence. If he coveted anything which he could not have, he would say that he got all he wished of the desired object in "Dolden." This life of the imagination continued for about three years, and then ceased. It remained only as a childish memory. But one day, when the boy was several years older, he went down to a country house his father had bought, at West Falmouth, Massachusetts. In writing from the new house, he dated his postal card from "Dolden." His parents were astonished at this sudden revival of an almost forgotten dream, and asked him what he meant. He replied, "West Falmouth is the nearest approach to Dolden we shall ever see in this world!" The family have spoken of West Falmouth as "Dolden" ever since, and have given the name to their house on the quiet harbour.

The Song of the Leaf is a poetical version of a little work entitled "Human Biology," and was made at the request of the author of the latter—Willard Twitchell, of Syracuse, New York. It is founded upon a genuine experience, slightly sketched in *The Vision of the Botanist*. The worthy "Botanist" still lives, and our readers may yet hear of him again.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS.

Philadelphia; May 1st, 1888.

DEDICATED

TO MY SISTER

LUCY,

and to the friends, in every continent,
who constellate around her
name.

CHILD-LOVE:

A Fragment of Heart-History.

WINNY.

O Maidenhood! thou mystery mature!
Who gave thee of the tree of knowledge? Who
Hath lit thy lips as with its fiery fruit,
And bade its essence blush into thy blood?
I would to God that in thy seventh spring
Thou couldst have eaten of the tree of life,
And walked in white forever, like the bride
My soul enthrones upon eternal snow—
No palace pleasure, but a minster bliss.

Beauty ! thy name is God. Simplicity !
Thou art His Spirit, and ye twain in her,
The Maiden Child, are one,—that Word of love,
Whose first appearing is in earthly form.
Ere poet, sage, or seer had brought me light,
She stood before me as a vestal, robed
As mediator 'twixt my soul and God
When I but half believed it—taught of none
Save the sweet scriptures of her open eyes.

Oft was I lame of spirit, and she passed
Before she saw me. Blind and dumb, I went
To her for healing, and she showed me first
The children round her, dim, like walking flowers,
Until she brought the lightning with a stroke,
And broke my lips' apocalyptic seals
By touching with the live coal of her own.

O maiden children ! still, though one by one
Your suns at evening swim from me in tears,
I love you—types of future womanhood,
The silver trumpet-challenges of God
For woman to be angel, that is, child.

In the last summer of my youth, I met,
'Mid Yorkshire moorlands, in her thirteenth year,
The droll and winning Winny. When the Book
Was read at morning, she would seem the source
Of half its inspiration. Every heart
That beat with mine,—the lull of holiday,—
The calmness of the morn,—the window flowers,
And all the summer round us, met in her.

Her little hand was oft in mine, and once,
As if inebriate with evening light,
She and her cousin bent on either side,
With lips that vied as rivals which should weave
Their web of love the thickest. Ah! my hands
Were fit that night to consecrate a shrine!
We faced the sunset homeward, as we sang,
And Winny on me leaned. The purple clouds
Were like some leaves of purple-beech I prize—
Their glory glorified coming through her.

Beside a burn, beneath a woodsy crag,
With her one day I rambled, having left
Our friends, to lead her to a mossy oak
We once had found, and fain again would see.
The stream was full of natural stepping-stones,
And over these I guided her and led,
And then through marshy places, leaving her
Secure upon a stone while I advanced,
Trying the ground. When sure that all was safe,
I would return and take her hand again.
Oh ! it was joy to see her footing dry
While mine was wet—she laughing with delight.

Once, in the silence of the wood she said,
“Do you like rather to be here with me
Than by yourself?” “Yes, ten times !” I replied.
And yet again, when I had spent some strength
To find the way, she said half plaintively,
“Do you mind coming with me?” “Never, dear :
“It is my joy,” said I assuringly.
“Then do not look so solemn,” she replied,
At which we laughed in chorus, and declared
That our delight was full. Then, turning back,
We found our friends.

As I my forehead wiped,
After the sweetest of terrestrial tasks,
Winny broke out in all her innocence
To tell what happiness we two had had ;
And as we homeward turned her tongue was full
Of what she would remember :—she would ne'er
Forget that crag, she said, ne'er forget me :
“ I shall remember you and no one else ! ”
Leave men to stammer, women to conceal :
Children and angels may confess their love
With cheek unflushed, and gazing in your face
With all the openness of morning sky.

Walking along above a breezy slope,
The children now demanded me to try
Their skill in numbers. I was loth at first
To act the pedagogue, but they were firm ;
So, hand in hand, we were a walking school.
Like a sweet scholar, Winny made exchange
Of love with learning, taking this from me,
And giving that in payment. Every time
She answered rightly, she would caper round
Half my arm's length, and upward look replies
To questions deeper than arithmetic !
For such a school I would be pedagogue.

Next day, with my queen-sister did I roam
Through Fountains Abbey and its world of flowers.
Old Ripon lay before us, and the road
Vanished in long lines to the Minster gates.
Among the meadows did we talk of life
Past and hereafter, while the lordly park
Was our communion-temple, where we sat
Alone and silent for our souls to touch.
The breath of ages whispered through the elms
That brought the sky down in their airy arms,
And traced in leafy mazes on the blue
Our memory-pictures of that classic scene.

Winny, that day, with uncle and with aunt,
And their young sons, was playing in the woods
Where she had roamed with me. A greeting cool
I thought in store on our return at eve ;
But, oh ! she bounded from her playmates, filled
With the same loving girlishness of joy.

I rode alone with her. Beside the way
The foxgloves nodded to us. Ever since,
That flower has teemed with all the sweetnesses
I tasted then, as if it had a store
Of secret memory-honey, which the bees
Of roving recollections love to sip.
We talked of common things, but Winny's eyes
Could preach with fervour from a simple text,
And of her sermons I was never tired.
"Winny, I cannot lose you : I shall write."—
"That *will* be good ! And shall I write to you?"
She asked with wonder in those English eyes.

Calm was our joy, and all the while it seemed
As if between us lay a quiet pool
Which the ebb-tide of busy life had left.
Once I had walked away from her, to gaze
From out the farther window, and she said,
With that old plaintive sweetness in her tone,
"Come over here." I went, and sadly caught
The last few petals of the mystic rose
Which blew for that one summer.

Now we neared
A city dense, and shall I tell its name?
The bard may sing of Bath and Exeter,
But seal his lips at Birmingham and Leeds.
Well, it was Leeds; and in a dusky spot—
A noisy railway terminus (but called
By a new name and fair in memory's heaven)
Winny by me was promised to be left,
Upon a certain bench, beneath a clock.

No dial in a Syrian garden ever
Marked the high noon of love in holiness
To priest and vestal, more than did that clock
For what it now was witness of. "Farewell;
"My thoughts will oft be with thee, and my prayers,"
I said to her, receiving in return
An inarticulate murmur fraught with both.
And then—O Love!—then, from the deepest sea,
And from the farthest borders of the sun,
The sweet young alchemist for me distilled
Her life-elixir in a moment.

So
I left her, and above my lonely head,
All in the July forenoon, shone the stars!
Far up, some windy belfry in the skies
Tolled one, with silver stroke. 'Twas Love's first hour,
And starry matin of her early birds.

A lonely life by Northern rivers turned
The child into a woman in my thoughts,
And I was burdened with the future, oft
Longing to know if God would sanction that
My heart was dreaming of, but durst not hope.
I sought for counsel in a solemn hour.

Once, in the Northern twilight all alone,
I stood at Durham by the Minster front,
In the Dean's garden. Dimmer grew the trees
In the ravine along the Wear beneath.
I late had seen them warm with summer light,
Like glowing Nature in triumphant smile
Over the cold Cathedral. Now they stood
Sombre as tuneless minstrels at my feet,
And, saving for the never-ceasing voice
The ancient river uttered, and the line—
White in the darkness—marking where it fell,
The genii of Nature all had gone,
And thrown their mantles, in departing, round
The Minster towers. Man's work was now supreme ;
The majesty of night was centred there.
But as the narrow arches, tier on tier,

Far up the sides were melted into gloom,
The hand of man became invisible ;
The piles of darkness were transfigured, turned
To monuments of incense, odour-mists,
A vision of the prayers of centuries
Prayed in a moment. 'Twas the *heart* of man ;
And in the silence I confessed to God
My own heart-secret and its deepening wish.

Peace came, but with it an uncertainty—
No sign, no sound, save the weird curfew chime,
After eight centuries from the Norman fane,
Now clanging to the city's farthest verge,
Now muttered in recesses of the tower.
Unsatisfied I turned me homeward then,
But soon to prayer renewed received a flood
Of peace as answer. Ah ! 'twas God's own *yes* .
I fondly thought, not having learnt the truth
That when we pray for love He gives Himself—
His only answer : take it not for less.
And doubt, moreover, is God's only *no*.

Under the spell three moons went over me,
And in York Minster what the sister shrine
Had seen me contemplate I poured at full
Into my sister's ear. Her soul with mine
Had built a nest high in the stony bowers
Of that eternal twilight. There we met,
There she could sympathize and understand ;
And York and Durham were to me as signs.

Methought my chief delight would be to guide
A sweet companion o'er the hills of thought.
Winny, whate'er she wanted, had one thing—
A loving heart—which I esteemed as all.
Let feeling flow, and thought would follow : thus
I reasoned and I rested, till there rolled
A voice from Concord through the world within,
Saying, "That soul alone can be my friend
Whom I encounter on my line of march,
Declining not to me, nor I to her,
Who my experience in her own repeats—
Child of the same celestial latitude !"

My towers of dream before the prophet's breath
Fell. But beneath the colder friendship now
Of womanhood and manhood still there glows

A summer of remembrance, and a love
Deep in the past and the hereafter. Call
That image up, my soul,—the child that was ;
Say that I loved her and again shall love ;
Say that the *shall-be* in my spirit is !
Earth may divide the times, but far, far hence,
In the great concord of the purified,
The bridal soul that shall be nearest me
From her shall borrow sweetness. Not one chord
That e'er was hymned in my life's harmony
Will there be wanting, and in new spring woods
Of heaven what old summer woods of earth
Once witnessed, Winny, we will yet repeat.
Child of the past, child as I love thee now,
Child of the future when I too am one,
Love's lightning shall be sunshine, and her sigh
Be kissed from whirlwind into zephyr there !

JULIA.

Deeply I drank the solace of the sea,
'Mid irksome work and galling solitude.
There, where a million hearts are laid to rest,—
Necropolis of nations ! I could sink
My own existence for a few brief hours,
And let my heart rest also in the deep.
Along the cliffs, too, would I pour aloud
My rhythm to the waters, roaming on
Mile after mile, attuning every line
To their majestic cadence. Ah, she comes,
The visionary Dora, following me,
Like a sea-maiden in her purple robe,
As on I sweep, leaving her name behind
For winds and waves to blend with.

Once I sat,
In evening light, upon a promontory,
And heard the orchestras of endless change
Mixing the lovely syllables with air
And inarticulate waters. Dora thus
Resolved as mist into the elements.
And yet, for all our talk of Infinite
Eclipsing finite,—taking many forms,
Caring for none,—there comes a pensive hour
When Hope resigns the throne to Memory,
And Nature then is all-conservative.
Indissoluble figures, leaping up,
Declare they live, and never did not live.
So, Dora, when the master, Memory,
Shall celebrate his music-festival,
That chord of soul the Father wrote in thee,
In hieroglyphs musicians only know,
Will start to sound, and, 'neath a waving wand,
Reveal the maiden seas can never drown !

Lone light of heaven ! into thine abyss
Does parting plunge the life of memory,
Preparing thus this mortal even now,
Tearless, to put on immortality !

Long had I soared with learning's eagle, far
From homes of men above a homeless flood ;
But, oh ! I rested on an isle redeemed,
And saw the heavenly dove fly over me,
Bearing the peaceful olive. As the light,
Seen from a mountain, falls a still cascade,
From silver cloud-gap shining to the earth,
Distinct from everything in heavenliness,—
So moved among us, sunny yet remote,
That angel child, the gentle Julia.

Three years were gone since Winny left me lone,
And now, in her tenth summer, came from heaven
This very Beatrice, as even then
I called her, saying with the Florentine
She seemed the daughter, not of man, but God.
Her very presence made me eloquent,
And, sitting down beside her, I could speak,
As if with tongues, of whatsoe'er was true,
Lovely and pure, just, and of good report.

She, with two more, my lonely room illumed.

The gift of song was hers, and exercised
As if in service of the Master, whom
Her every movement told us that she loved.
When asked to pour her sacred carol out,
In willingness and all simplicity
She sweetly would obey, and might have been
A vestal of the art, like her who came
From Sweden's capital to thrill the world.
Not till I learn the secret of the spheres,
And to their tune can utter spherul words,
Will I aspire to tell what diamond light
In her eyes melted when she sang a hymn
That deeply said there was no night in heaven,
For work could never weary—work was love.

When I displayed to her in pictured truth
My loved cathedrals,—Lincoln, Ely, Wells,
Lichfield and Salisbury, were thrice as fair
Beneath her admiration. While she gazed
Upon the wilderness of tracery,
The statued fronts and porches, clustered shafts,—
Gable and octogon and diadem,
Turret and pinnacle and triple spires,—
Her presence brought to life the very stones,

And saint and bishop cast their eyes on her
From immemorial niches, glancing then
Far up the towers, with blessings turned to tears.

Oft had I shown to sympathetic eyes,
'Neath hoary hair or maiden tresses neat,
Those pictures ; but the wonder and the joy
In them were never uttered as by her,
By Beauty's self praising the beautiful.
Before she left, she delicately traced
For me her favourite verse, which now I prize
As if the fragment of a holy scroll,
Blurred with the tears of an Evangelist.

I laboured on alone with Julia,
Though never seeing her for ten long weeks,
But ever hearing, as I hear her now,
Repeat that work is love. My lonely room
Once more she hallowed. Merry was our crew :
We played at hoodman-blind But now I sweep
My arms in vain to clasp her in the dark !
A sordid street, that eve a boulevard,
Glittered from palace unto palace, whilst
I led the queenly one, who seized my hand
The moment we departed, with a thrill
That made her fingers tingle as her lips.

Twenty-four days thereafter did I bend
My steps unto her home. No word was sent
For visit brief, and yet the angel came
To let me in, saying, "I knew 'twas you."
What filled her so with love I cannot tell,
But as I entered, such a fleet exchange
There passed between our lips,—how deeply pure
I could not fathom, nor till then had felt,—
As if a river rushed into my soul
With all the stars upon it !

Once again,
After three years and more, I heard the chime
Of that high belfry : 'twas the vesper hour,
This time in golden tones. I now could see
The sky-cathedral's airy minarets
And maze of spires—Love's everlasting fane,
Where robed in white she walks. Far, far aloft,
Her calm muezzin called my soul to prayer.

Five nights thereafter, ah ! the heavenly dove
Left me alone for ever on the deep.
Upon the wild North Sea, 'neath wintry stars,

Was I when she departed, all unknown
To me, save for a strange unearthly peace
That soothed me in the tossing, winged with love
The sea-birds white like ministers of God.

Her younger sister followed home with her,
In the same fiery chariot. Each fair lamb
Their pastor-guardian like a father loved,
And ne'er fulfilled his holy office more
Than when he pressed in prayer to their abode,
And brought me news of that far country. Hush !
The vision is for many days : 'twas seen
Not in the Church's symbols. Purple-robed,
The children glided over billowy grass,
Angel-attended . . . Ah, my stainless dove !

Alas ! again she comes not : she hath found
Rest for her blessed feet, supernal rest,
Where labour never wearies—life is love.
But when abates our rain of grief, behold
The unknown country of her angel hymn
Is one with all this world of solemn sea,
And emerald heights embowered in the arch
Of yonder iris over Ararat.

MONODY.

O God ! to think of those two lonely years
In her own city, and I knew her not.
I'll bring them back. Methinks that I could sleep
In trance intense, intent upon the past,
And bid the sea of Nature's memory
Give up her dead, and me the bliss to bask
In faded smiles I saw not. Surely God
Will give me Julie in her sweetest years.

And yet, before we drank of Lethe last,
Methinks we two were children by the sea,
Who died together. So we knew not death,
The sweetener of love. Our meeting now
Is by the ocean of my lonely hours,
Where memory-breezes whirl with cypress leaves,
That seem moreover odorous of lives
I struggle to remember.

Ah, the sea ! . . .

I have had flowers of spring and stars of morn ;
But thou, my star of eve, mine autumn rose,
Julia ! my first-born of the ocean art,—
Thou mermaid dream of some forgotten world,
Alone in all its hemisphere of waves !
Deep shines to deep, the future to the past :
They mirror thee upon my soul by turns
As water-nymph and angel. Now thine eyes,
In sea-blue gazes through a wind of tears,
Bespeak the foam-born child of long'ago ;
And now, in showers of ever-falling stars,
Reveal some queen of Eden, snowy-stoled,
Found in the tempest of a cycle's sighs.

The very waters, whose mysterious sound
I long have striven to interpret, yield
Their answer to me now : they sing of rest
That never changes 'mid the changeable—
Content immortal through the tones of death,—
A spirit calm, but fretful at the marge,
Where flowing life and hard existence meet.
I would contain my love in such a breast
Of fathoms' deep of calm, where sighless caves

Are full of hidden treasure—pearls of truth,
Laid up in heaven, in my heart long there—
For every pearl beneath a star on high.

Ocean of woe ! are all thy storms at rest ?
Now thou art calm, and in that mystery—
A voice in voices, voices in a voice—
Thou oft persuadest thou wert ever so,
And wilt remain hereafter. Even thus
My wayward heart deceives me, but, like thee,
It has a voice that says the end is peace,
For peace was the beginning—peace is now,
Deep with the pearls and high among the stars.

Even on earth a lamp unto my feet,
A midnight moon, she was—the blessed wraith
Of one alive who held me by the hand,—
A spirit in my spirit nearer God,
And arching over me a vault of prayer.
What more could she be now ? Her kisses pricked
My very being, smote with snowy fire
The heart that knows no name for what she gave—
Not even love : 'twas immortality !

In Lincoln Minster once I dreamed a dream.
I heard the wild bells chiming in the night,
And sighed for golden tones that smote me erst
From higher towers. I asked if more than gold
Were not in store for me. The answer fell
From voiceful vaulting : " Ah! dark soul! take heed,
Or brazen clang may stun thee. Thou hast heard
The highest chime that love on earth can ring,
And shalt be lashed to raging restlessness
By clash of baser metal, or ascend
To what thou seest."

Lo! before me rose
The skiey temple of the lampless porch,
Where God is all the glory. Time was not :
Eternities of love were whirling by.
A wind of souls from out the pearly gates
Broke on the minarets in music-waves,
And splashed the spires : the foam went tingling up,
Waking the stars to sing their morning song.
No sad muezzin was the caller now,
But new creations poured their lovely forms
Into the halls and cloisters of the clouds,
Until a silent whirlwind blew with rain
Of light, and drew them up, and left all sky.

I since have learnt that maiden childhood lives
Forever in the spirit, which—alone—
In its own self-existence must create
The only heaven it will e'er enjoy,
And all the choir of its society.
I since have seen that Beatrice is here,
Foam-born upon the ocean of my soul,
Star of the paradise I made and lost—
Seen this, the second coming of the Christ.
I since have found, through seven fiery times,
That Beauty is the one, the final bride,
That Truth alone is love omnipotent,
That Virtue is the will for wineless work,
The midnight wrestle that must hold her own
Until the spirit burns the envelope
Of mind and body round it and is free—
Dead to duality, to worlds of pain
And pleasure, but alive to God, to peace,
Where victory is vanquished, and defeat
Defeated in the unity supreme
Of conquest that is conquered not again,—
Which none can enter but the passionless,
Fair as the moon and calm, clear as the sun
When all the armies of the rainbow steep
Their banners in its whiteness. Terrible

That splendour unconditioned and eterne,
Except to those who on the farther shore
Have reached the quiet place—to die as flame
In light we see not, incorruptible
And undefiled, that fadeth not away ;
To live as life among the roots of things,
As blooms ideal in the Under-Soul,
That open not to birth and to decay,
But blow as odours through the dreams of God.

Lincolnshire Coast ; Summer, 1884 :

West Falmouth, Massachusetts ; Summer, 1887.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Born at Stockholm, January 29, 1688.

Two hundred years ago, there' rose
 A glory over Sweden,
That lighted up her ancient snows
 With memories of Eden;
For there was born a wondrous child
Who faith and love has reconciled.

In youth he said, "These two are one,"
 To priests in calm defiance,
And soon a manly course begun
 By wedding faith to science:
He braved in mines the dark and damp
With Heaven's appointed safety-lamp.

He knew the Christ who scaled the sky
 Had first to hell descended ;
For, lighted by the Father's eye,
 The spoils of night are splendid :
From Sweden's lowest earth he climbed
To where the starry times are chimed.

He saw the White Horse of the Word,
 In clouds that hid the story,
Till love the awful Horseman stirred,
 And turned them all to glory ;
And while that Face consumed the shrouds,
He said, " Behold Him come with clouds."

He heard the judgment-thunder roll
 The doom of faith departed,
And from the ruins rose the Soul
 To gaze on God pure-hearted,—
From Him descending as a bride,
The Church of Christ re-glorified.

He taught no soul to God is led
By Golgothas of slaughter,
But born again, as Jesus said,
Of heavenly wind and water :
The blood that saves is life and light,
A crystal stream that washes white.

The New Jerusalem is here,
Among us and within us ;
Her towers are rising year by year
In beauty that shall win us ;
Her lively stones are childlike souls
In every land between the poles.

I see within our children's eyes
The kingdom and the patience,
And out of such will Christ arise
With healing to the nations—
Eternal Virgin undefiled,
Eternal Man, eternal Child !

Philadelphia ; February, 1888.

THE
EVOLUTIONIST'S HYMN.

Is the flower bereft of beauty
When we contemplate the germ
Struggling out into the sunshine
From the darkness and the worm?
And shall Soul a-bloom be slighted
Just because her hidden spark
Slumbered long in lower natures,
Dreamt of glory in the dark?

Faith may have her airy ladder :
Reason still his foot must plant
On the stairway of the senses,
Up the flights of adamant,—
From the crypt of superstition
To the cross upon the spire,
Where he standeth nearest heaven :
Faith alone can lift him higher.

Evolution is the spiral
Ever widening in a flight
From the whirlpool of destruction
To the vortices of light ;
And the world of soul beginneth
Where the world of sense began—
Passion, like volcano-chaos,
Ending at the God in man !

Man shall turn the thought of silence
Into plain sonorous act,
We shall mould the spirit-lava
Into adamantine fact,—
Fill the void with our creation
Till the echoes all are dumb,
Fighting hand to hand with nature
Till with God we overcome.

In the wild October tempest,
In the April breezes sweet,
In the arrows of the lightning,
In the arrows of the wheat,
In the chasm of the earthquake,
In the flowering of the sod,
We discern eternal mercy,
We behold the love of God !

South Shields Pier ; August 5th, 1883.

THE
VISION OF THE BOTANIST.

After a Life of Doubt.

At sixty-two, doubt deepened into prayer,
And watching into vision. Then I SAW.
The skeletons of science all were clothed,
And leafy worlds of immortality
Burst on my gaze—eternal evergreens;
Ay, more than all, a universe of souls.

I now could worship, and at once the plain
Of life became a mountain, where we knelt,
And spread our hands, and climbed, and talked with
A thousand forms of adoration merged [heaven.
As one great spirit into lively stones,
And, lo! a vast cathedral. All the hues
Of opaline and crystalline delight
Were blended there, like tints of sunny tears.

The flying buttresses that lithely leapt
From aisle to roof, from roof to octagon,
Were but the lower branches of a tree—
A mighty banyan towering into space,
In all the forms that architecture ever
Dreamt of in minsters, from Northumbrian moors
To farthest Italy and Ind. The shafts,
Acanthus-crowned, of Corinth and the Nile,
The domes of Rome, the Muslim minarets
Of marbled Agra in the Tâj-Mahal,
Were but the breathing-places of the soul
Ascending to the peaks and spires of Christ!
Ten thousand boughs around of circling trees
Curved with the arches, springing with the spires
Far out of sight, until in mingled plumes
Of art and nature they were lost in heaven!

When next I walked into the wintry world,
My soul could hear the sound of leaves and waves
Beneath the frozen forest, and I heard
A New Song sung me by the living Leaf.

Syracuse, New York; August, 1886.

THE SONG OF THE LEAF.

Sung to the Botanist after his Vision.

In the beginning was the Leaf. I am
Before the earth was lifted by God's hand
From the sun's glowing forge. At His command
I rose into the grass for April's lamb,
And then became a tree, to feed and robe
And shelter. Though I clad the desert globe,
Erst void of vital beauty, with my green
Delighting God and man, I let no sheen
Of this my pride and glory dazzle me
From laying down, in sacrifice all-free,
My life for one above me. I have power
To lay it down and take again. My flower
Fades into flame of blood: I offer up
My juice to flood a wider, deeper cup

Of sensate being in the Animal.
He, as the brute, or Man the Physical,
Lives for a second Man above him — Mind,
Man Mental ; and, like me, he dies in wind
That blows his autumn dust about the sod,
To raise Man Mental to the Man of God.

Existence thus is one great sacrifice
 Of low for high, — of us, telluric means,
For God's supernal end : our paradise
Is in the shadow of the cross of swords !
From Jacob's lowly stone we climb the Lord's
 Own golden stairway to the evergreens
Thou sawest in thy Vision. Atoms first
 Of lifeless rock, my brethren scale to me
 Your precipice, ye stars ! and sail the sea
Of outer voids, until by these immersed
 In me, the purple trailer through the halls
Of silver underneath, they die to live,
And live again in me to die and give
Their life unto the Highest ! Body, Mind,
And Soul, vicariously related, each
 Is yet itself, and each augustly calls
Down to the serving-men who upward reach, —
“ Whither I go ye cannot come.”

How blind,
With naught in common in their joy or grief,
Is each to him above him ! Can the leaf,
 As body (for I speak as glorified)
Say to the animal, "I know thy works" ?
No more he knows them than the Animal,
In beast or man, can know the carnival
 Of Mind that feasts on thought. No more the pride
Of Mind can find by searching Him who lurks
Deep in the deepest. And the Three Men eat
 Each his own bread, and each must eat alone,
In his own temple, which the true Bread builds.

The tree of life is deep and high : its feet
 As roots are planted in the dark unknown
Of matter, and its fronded forehead gilds
 The topmost heaven, glorifying God
With mirrored glory. In that sunset sky
 Life folds the wings it spread o'er dusty sod
(In shadows of death's valley) on the mount
Of its transfiguration. Life am I,
 And Leaf alike in tree or human form :
 In that I glitter, and in this I warm ;
And not by names do I my being count.

Learn that I speak as Soul—Leaf glorified ;
For I am body, mind, and soul, like thee,
And unto each in thee long known as each.
My body feeds thy body, and it dies.

But, oh ! *I* die not : deep within the tree
I am the life and resurrection,—preach
Of immortality in leafy skies
Under the bark in winter, and outreach
My line through all creation, for 'tis still
The bone and backbone of the universe.

It putteth forth the ribs, its children. Kill
The outward form, and scatter it and curse,
Yet all the currents of its magnetism,
Which play with noiseless lightning from the air
At every bristling point, are everywhere
Alive to centre in mine organism,
The bodied leaf, and live again. This maze
Of force electric is the mind in me,
And feeds the same in thee. Thine intellect,
That labyrinthine Man, delights to gaze
And ponder on the labyrinthine sea
And rivers of existence—ribs of me.
There for a time thy destiny was wrecked,
Until the web, the tree, became a cross,
Ringed with the circle of eternity.

The maze's centre was revealed as light
That looked all ways at once—the Single Eye.
The soul is saved from wilderment and loss
By finding out her own simplicity.

So now, redeemed from error by the cross—
The power of suffering to simplify—
Thy soul enjoys my soul, eternal, bright,
Pure express image of that Person seen
As God's own face in every evergreen
Thy Vision showed undying. She is Christ,
The Word, the Form, the Organ of the Lord,
The Soul unto the Spirit wed, restored.

To dwell with Her is Eden, but, enticed
By the lithe serpent of the Second Man,
The Mercury, the Mind, ye court the sword
Of flaming cherubim to chase you out.
This is the Fall, and long beneath its ban
Ye wander in the Wilderness, the Maze,*
The cross-ways of the web. Father of lies,
Of schisms and transitions, does this Man
Make war in heaven. With the fruit of doubt,
Which he calls knowledge, he the Soul waylays,

*See note at the end.

And bids her eat. She eats thereof and dies,
Dragged downward to the stormy plane of Mind,
Who offers kingdoms on the mountain-top,
But giveth Sodom's apples. He would lop
The radiant branches of the tree of life,
Unless the flaming cherubim forbade.

He knows not immortality, and, blind,
He leads the blind, and drives creation mad
With doubt and pain and turbulence and strife.
He is the Devil. Know him now at last,
And cast him out. Think not the life beyond
Is that of Mind. Men dream so, and despond
At length of any, when they see how small
And restless is existence unto him.

The mind outlives the body as a dim
And dying twilight. When the ox in stall
Crushes my form for food, my fluid mind
Disperses like its body, and is cast
Into new moulds. Immortal in idea,
Yet outwardly it like the body dies,
Or rather is renewed. It is the Leah
Who must give place to Rachel: she is wise.
Knowledge inhabits light corruptible ;

Wisdom, the heaven — Light inaccessible, —
Who only hath the immortality,
To whom be empire everlasting !

She,
The Maiden Child, is paradise and youth.
In Her the dead, the doomed even, subsist,
To live again ; for she is rich in ruth :
Salvation is not lost, but only missed.

The Mind it is who steals her vital flame,
And sets on fire the Body, which is tame
Until he drives it wild, and calm desires
Of instinct become passion — food for fires
Of hell that worlds can quench not.

Great and small
Are fictions, too, of Intellect, who scorns
As mean and menial what the Soul adorns
With glory of her love and labour. All
Are one to Her, sweet poetess and drudge.

At last behold Her on the throne as Judge,
And Lucifer like lightning fall from heaven.
The book of life into her hand is given,
And she rejoices that thy name is there.
Behold, she opens it, and earth and air
And sea, thy Bible golden-bound and fair,
Are seen sun-centred unto sight no longer
Earth-centred, as in days when earth was stronger.

This light which links the Three in One makes clear
All grades and forms of life, all duty dear
As the love-bond that knits them. Instinct, Sense,
In the First Man are pillars, arching whence
Imagination, Reason, build the dome
Of brow to crown the Second Man. But home
Is only gained when the golden cross
Of the Third Man upflameth in the loss
And white consumption of the all below,
Which in the sky is nothing. There, aglow
With Impulse, Inspiration, Ecstasy,
Delight and Certitude, he shines on high.

And I, the Leaf, dwell there, and there am I
The burning bush for ever, the I AM,
At mine own will incarnate in the Lamb

Of God, as bloom incarnates solar blue
And gold and crimson. There do I shine through
The crystal lamp of Intellect made white
For me, the Real Presence, me the Light,
One with the Sun — the Spirit in the Soul.

Behold, I come ! And, lo ! the heavens roll
And the earth quakes beneath me. Body, Mind,
And all that can be shaken in the wind
Of my blown trumpet must be whirled away,
That That which cannot shake may stand for aye.
And that high Being of the windless air
And tideless sea do I to thee declare.

Amen ! This Man, within his native realm,
Beyond all ill, not hell can overwhelm.
He needs no mammon, for the wealth of time,
And beauty infinite in cloudless clime,
Are ever his. He needs no stammering tongue,
For every question is an answer sung
In light infallible — his only voice,
That choireth all the music of his choice.
He needs no power — his tower Omnipotence ;
No names, for Character, like heaven immense,
O'erarches all things with a radiant Name.

He needs no knowledge, for desire is flame
Enkindling changeless truth. He needs no light
Who walketh in his own exceeding white ;
And love and friendship, which he needeth never,
His being and his presence are for ever.

Syracuse, New York ; September, 1886.

THE TREE.

Like a tree my soul is spreading,
As the seasons roll along :
Many a bird upon the branches
Sits and sings a careless song.
Few have made a nest within it,
With the wind they come and go,
Leaving me in lonely breezes,
Sighing, rocking to and fro.

Sunderland; January 12th, 1881.

NOTE.

The soul's self-confusion and forgetfulness of her Divine origin, during her early wanderings in the spheres of intellect and sense, are typified in the Wilderness of the Hebrews and the Labyrinth of the Greeks.

The necessities of verse have compelled the use of the terms, *Body*, *Mind*, and *Soul*, for what "the Botanist" calls the Physical Man, the Intellectual Man, and the Spiritual Man. It cannot be too strongly urged that our quarrel is not with the Intellect, but with its false elevation above the Soul. The perfect life is not that of body and mind alone, as our present one almost wholly is, but of spirit and soul, in which the body is their means of expression, and the mind their measure of capacity. According to the fulness of the intellect is the intensity of the spiritual life. Hence the neces-

sity of culture. It is not a little remarkable that "the Botanist," who came into these truths through a sudden vision, was a student of physical science, and unversed in the literature of metaphysics and theology. His philosophy is that of Swedenborg, and, in our times, of Doctor Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland.



